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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1605

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 3*]

Next issued in the third Shakespeare folio 1664

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

1605



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

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This is one of the “doubtful” Shakespearean plays, and was first issued in 1605 with “By William Shakespeare” on the title-page. It was not entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company.

The play was not included in the folio of 1623, and, apparently, was not reprinted until its appearance in the third folio, in 1664, with six other plays of uncertain Shakespearean authorship.

The discussion of the problem thus raised does not fall within the scope of the present undertaking.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says:—“The paper is thin in the original, and the ink shows through more or less in various places. This has made a difficulty as usual, the facsimile inevitably exaggerating the effect of this sometimes. Apart from a few blemishes of this kind there is nothing but praise to be spoken of the facsimiles.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants.

By William Shakespeare,



LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, and
are to be sold neare S. Austin's gate,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.





THE LONDON Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fab. Brother from Venice, being thus disguised,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vuck. Ifaith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashame de to report it.

Fab. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vuck. How! beyond that? and farre more? why, your exhibiti-
on is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from
me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
vpon himselfe, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since,
his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee
spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes
that raines ouer him.

Fab. Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the
name of his offences? if they do not relish altogether of dam-
nation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe
ranne an vnbridled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies
of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the
course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of him-
selfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intome him-
selfe

The London Prodigall.

self in the earth, or seek a new Tenet to remaine in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and left it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Believe me brother, they that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that falleth into it? But say, how is the course of his life? Let heare his particulars.

Unck. Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to swearer is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better: for who will set by a bad thing? Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice, Well, I pray proceede.

Unck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child, more to virtue, then correctiōe? What raignes ouer him else? (selfe.)

Unck. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget him selfe.

Fath. O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink So he drinke not churches. (on,) Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Unck. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the small Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

Unck. I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

Unck. Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your sonne, Then any way condemne them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not brother, for tho I flur them ouer now, As things flight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart, they shoulde euer raigne in him.

Elow. Ho! whoes within hee?

Elowdale knockes within.

Unck. Thats

A DECLARATION OF VNCLE.

Vnck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more
money.

Fab. For God's sake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it;
Say I haue brought you newes from his father,
I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe,
Which he deliuer him.

Vnck. Go to god brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle within,

Vnck. Let my couisen in there.

Fab. I am a Sayler come from *Venice*, and my name is
(*Christopher*.)

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

Vnck. In truth would a seru'd couisen, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth,
A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

Vnck. You never come, but you bring a brawle in your
mouth.

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you must needs lend me tenne
(pound.)

Vnck. Give my couisen some small beerte here,

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a test now, by this light,
I shold ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meeete syr *Lancelot Sparrock*,
I shold haue his daughter *Luce*, and for scury.

Tenne pound, a man shal loose nine hundred three-score and
odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnckle
telle us true.

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle,
or *Tom Whites*, *James Brocky*: or *Nick Hulls*, as good rapyer
and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be dambn'd if wee
doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues
for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

Vnck. Cousen, this is not the first time I haue beleeu'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:

One thing were but true, I would not greatly care,

The London Prudyal.

Fab. Yfaith syr according to the old Proverbe,
The childe was bofne: and cryed,became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay couzen doe not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay I cannon weepe you extempory,mary some
two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stintance.
But I hope he dyed in good memory. (der,

Fab. Very well syr, and set downe euery thing in good or-
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came ouer in :
And I saw all the billes of lading, and the vellat
That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By God I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Fab. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knavery abroad,
Altho there were never a peece of vellat in Venice.

Flow. I hope he dyed in good estate. (will,

Fab. To the report of the world he did, and made his
Of which I am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, haue you his will?

Fab. Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. I hope to fefea, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow. Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith I take the deniall
of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay I denide you not.

Flow. By God you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be judge by this good-fellowe.

Fab. Not directly syr.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had
wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holdes:
Well Vnckle, come weeke fall to the Legasies,
In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother Flowerdale, three hundred
pounds, to pay such triuall debts as I owe in London.

Item, to my sonne Mat Flowerdale, I bequeath two bayle of
false dyce, Videllicc, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop-
cater traies, and other bones offunction.

Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Proce

The London Prodigall.

Vnck. Proceede couzen.

(path;

Flow. These precepts I leaue him, let him borrow of his
For of his word no body will trust him.
Let him by no meaneſ marry an honest woman,

For the other will keepe her ſelue.

Let him ſteale as much as he can, that a guilty conſcience
May bring him to his deſtinate repenſance,
I thinke he incanes hanging. And this were his laſt will and
Teſtament, the Diuell Rood laughing at his beddes ſeete
while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to ſop of his
poſteritie with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made ſyr with his owne hands.

Flow. I, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten
pound, I imagine you haue loſt it, or robd of it, or miſreckond
your ſelue ſo much; any way to make it come eaſily off, good
Vnckle.

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith lend it him ſyr, I my ſelue haue an eſtate in the
Citiue worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he faith
it concerneſ him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of ſome ſenſe, this:
Come good Vnckle.

Vnck. Will you give your word for it *Keffert*?

Fath. I will ſyr, willingly.

Vnck. Well couzen, come to me ſome hower hence, you ſhall
haue it readie.

Flow. Shall I not faile?

Vnck. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay ile come my ſelue.

Fath. By my troath, would I were your worſhips man.

Flow. What wouldest thou ſerue?

Fath. Very willingly ſyr.

Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou ſhalt doe, thou faith thou
haſt twenty pound, goe into *Burcins Lane*, put thy ſelue into
cloathes, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croyden fayre*.

Fath. I thanke you ſyr, I will attend you.

Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. I will not couſen.

Flow. What?



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Flow. What's thy name *Kester* to name of *Flowerdale*?

Fath. I syr.

Flow. Well, prouide thy selfe: *Mackie* farewell till aeron.

Exit Flowerdale.

Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your sonnes?

Fath. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

Or as a Hawke, that never stoop'd to latten;

The one must be tamde with an yron byt,

The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,

Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so;

For counsell still is follies deadly foe,

Ile scruish his youth, for youth must haue his course,

For being restrainte, it makes him ten times worse,

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.

Enter syr *Lancelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*,

Artichoke, *Lance*, and *Francke*.

Lance. Syrgha *Artichoke*, get you home before,

And as you prented your selfe a calfe in bying,

Drive home your fellow calfes that you haue bought.

Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along

(with me).

Lance. No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.

Arti. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,

You may see mistresse, I am set vp by the halues,

In stead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home calues.

Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,

Hees growne a very foolish fawcie fellow.

Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since I had him:

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish serueng-man.

Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. O, about my daughters, wel I will goe forward,

Heers two of them, God sau them, but the third,

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.

Wea. I by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath,

But had she tride me, she shoulde a found a man of me indeed.

Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

B

She

The London Prodigall.

Shee hath refus'd seauen of the worshipfulst and worthyest
houſe-keepers this day in Kent:

Indeed ſhe will not marry I ſuppoſe,

Wea. The more fooliſh ſhe.

Lance. What is it folly to loue Charicet?

Wea. No miſtake me not ſyr Lance,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

Lance. That's a fooliſh prouerbe, and a falſe.

Wea. By the masse I thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:
But who ſhall marry with miſtrefſe Frances?

Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me ſiſter.

Luce. Peace, let them talker.

Fooleſſe may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

Daff. Senteſſe ſtill ſweet miſtrefſe,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaster,

Lace. Yfaith and thy tongue tripp trench-more.

Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a ſhuter yet;
Alas God helpe her ſillie girle, a foole, a verie foole.

But thers the other black-browes a ſhroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and ſhuters two or three;

Syr Arthur Greenoſhield one, a gallant knight,

A valiant ſouldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong Omer, the Deuer-ſhyre lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aye,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young Flowerdale.

Wea. O hee ſyr, hees a desperate diſk indeed,
Barre him your house.

Lance. Eye not ſo, hees of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and ſo he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marrie, thers the point ſyr Lancelet:

For thers an old ſaying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe;

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all;

Lance. You

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Lance. You are in the right maister Weathercock.

Enter Mounfer Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, I thinke I am sure crostred,
Or witcht with an owle, I haue hantred them: Inne after Inne,
booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are,
thats she, I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now, for
she tredes her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are past it Daffidill. (before,
Daffidill. The good signe is heere syr, but the back gate is
Ciuet. Saeue you syr, I pray may I borrow a pece of a
word with you?

Daff. No peeces syr.

Ciuet. Why then the whole.

I pray syr, what may yonder gentlewoman be?

Daff. They may be Ladies syr, if the destinies and mortalities
Ciuet. Whats her name syr. (worke.

Daff. Mistresse Frances Spurcocke, syr Lancelots Spurcockes

Ciuet. Is she a maid syre (daughter,

Daff. You may aske Pluto, and dame Proserpine that:

I would be loth to be ridelled syr.

Ciuet. Is she married I meane syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shooe-maker shall
make her wedding shooes.

Ciuet. I pray where Iane you syr? I would be very glad to be-
stowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the George syr.

Ciuet. God saue you syr.

Daff. I pray your name syr?

Ciuet. My name is maister Ciuet syr.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you good maister Ciuet.

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we spide you stout S. George?
For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine?
That needs no y'ue-bush, well, weele not sit by it,
As you do on your horse, this roome shall serue
Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:
For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

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A pinte of facke, no more,

Draw. A quart of fack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte Daffidill,

Call for wine to make your selues drunke,

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake good Daffidill.

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. Hownow, fye, lit in the open roome, now good syr Lancelot, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister Weathercock,

What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay, Royll by your leaue w^e will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musick, weele god dance,
Begone syr Lancelot, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you fay so, fairest of all faires,
Then ile not dance, a poxe vpon my taylers,
He hath spoyle me a peach colour fatten shute,
Cut vpon cleath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such
an other tricke, Ile give him leaue yf aith to pur me in the ca-
lender of fooles and you, and you syr Lancelot, and Maister Weathercock, my gold smyth too on other side, I bespoketh
Luce, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldest haue had it
for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in retages for Cryant
Pearle, but thou shal haue it by sunday night wench.

Enter the Drawere.

Draw. Syr, here is one bath sent you a poire of renniss
wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knyght, and desires his more acquain-

Lance. To me? what she that proues so kind?

Daff. I haue a tyde to know his name syt, he
He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse Frances, his name
is Maister Ginet.

Lance. Call him in Daffidill.

Flow. O I know him syt, he is a fool,
But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers,
these corne-mongers, these mony-mongers, but he never had
the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter m^eister Ciect.

Lance. I

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Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

Cyne. The charge is small charge syr,

I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way (of marriage).

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Lewsome* to my poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knewe your fa-
ther, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

Drawer. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,
But we shall liue to make amends ere longe.

Maister Flowerdale, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

Lance. Nay then I thinke you will turne wise,
Now you take such a seruant:
Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewsome*, lets away,
Tis scarce two howres to the end of day. (Exit Omnes.)

Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Olyuer, Lien, *tenant and Soldiers.*

Aur. Lieutenant, leade your Sonldiers to the shps,
There let them haue their coates, at their arrivall
They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake
with our friends.

Oly. No man what ere you vsed a zutch a fashion, thicke
you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,
Ile venture a running away tho I hang for.

Aur. Away surra, charme your tongue,

Exit Soldiers.

Oly. Bin and you a presse syr?

Aur. I am a commander syr vader the King.

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander
Shud a spolce with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

Aur. Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch
to presse so good a man as you.

Oly. Presse me! deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

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Presse me, chee scornes thee y faith: For seest thee, heres a wor-
shipfull knight knowes, cham not to be presse by thee.

Enter syr Lancelet Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck,

Lance. Syr Arthur, welcome to Lewsome, welcome by my
Whats the matter man, why are you vexte (troath,

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

Lance. O fie syr Arthur, presse him he is man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is syr Arthur, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour
With your worships, he should see,

That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,
White pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oly. Well syr, tho you see vloten cloath and karsie, chee a
zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken
Jacket, as thick a one you weare,

Flow. Well sed vltan viattan.

Oly. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest
thincke cham a yearde of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come a more, be all louers and friends.

Wea. I tis best to good maister Olyuer.

Flow. Is your ~~name~~ maister Olyuer I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a
foolish plot out of maister Olyuer to worke vpon.

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy
foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart never so
vsed since thy damie bound thy head, worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oly. Zyrtha, zyrtha, if it were not for shame, chee would a
gauen

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given thee zutche a whister poope vnder the eare, chee would
a made thee a vanged an other at my feete : stand a side let
me loose, chaue all of a flaming fire-brands Stand aside.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oly. Avig for all my vreens, doest thou tell me of my
(vreens?)

Lance. No more good maister Oliver, no more syr Arthur,
And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters, every man
of worth, Ne tell you whom I fainest would preferre to the
hard bargyne of your marriage bed : shall I be plaine among
you gentlemen?

Art. I syr tis best.

Lance. Then syr, first to you, I doe confesse you a most
gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but ho-
nestie maintaines a french-hood, goes very sedome in a chain
of gold, keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friendes:
and for this wilde oates here, young Flowerdale, I will not
iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a
hundred new, then thee a thrifte and an honest one.

Wea. Beleeue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched
you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my side, why maister Weathercocke
you know I am honest, howsouer trifles.

Wea. Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwise,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too I trust:
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

Flow. I God be praised, he is far enough,
He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradice.
And left me to cut a caper against care,
Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith I like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,
I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-shyre
(lads):

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person.

Oly. Well!

The London Prodigall.

Oly. Well syr, chaun as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a kar-
fy, and blackem hal, and chiese credit beside, and my fortunes
may be so good as an others, zoe it may.

Lance. Tis you I loue, whatsoeuer others say?

Ar. Thanks fayrest.

Flow. What woldst thou haue me quarrell with him?

Frob. Doe but say he shall heare from you.

Lance. Yet gentleman, howsoeuer I preferre this D^euen-
shyre shuter,
Ile enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose
whom she likes best, in your loue shute proeed:
Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

Wea. You haue sed well; indeed right well.

Enter Artychoake.

Arty. Mistresse heeres one wold speake with you, my
fellow Daffidill hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him,
he met him at Croyden fayre.

Lance. O I remembre a little man.

Arty. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounfier Cwet.

Arty. The same syr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,
My foolish daughter will be fittet too:
But Delsa my saint, no man dare moue.

Exe. at all b^et^t Flowerdale and Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.

Flow. Harke you syr, a word.

Oly. Wha ha an you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee nor, a vige.

Exit Olyuer.

Flow. What if shold come more? I am fairely drest.

Frob. I doe not meane that you shall meete with him,

But presently weeke goe and draw a will:

Where weeke set downe land, that we never sawe,

And



The London Prodigall.

And we will haue it of so large a summe,
Syr Lancelot shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, give it maister Weathercocke,
And make syr Lancelots daughter heire of all:
And make him swear, neuer to shew the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead.
This done, the foolish changing Weathercocke,
Will straight discourse vnto syr Lancelot,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to paule of it, be iu'de by mee:
What will inshue, that shal you quickly see,
Flow. Come lets about it: if that a will sweet Kyr,
Can get the wench, I shall remowne thy wit.

Exit omnes.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse still froward &
No kind looks vnto your Daffidill, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

Luce. Ile haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,
You fawcie rascall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?

Luce. Your man is something fawcie.

Exit Luce.

Lance. Goe too syrrha, Ile talke with you anon.

Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse I tro:

I know my strength, then no more then so.

VVea. A by the matkins, good syr Lancelot, I saw him the
other day hold vp the bucklers, like an Hercules,
Ifaith God a marcie lad, I like thee well.

Lance. I, I like him well, go syrrha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with maister Weathercocke,

We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.

VVea. I thanke you syr, I thanke you friendly knight,
Ie come and visit you, by the incuse-foot I will:

In the meane time, take heed of cutting Flowerdale,

The London Prodigall.

He is a desperate dyck I warrant yon,

Lance. He is, he is; fill Daffidill, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme.

My daughter Luces bracelet, I tis the same:

Ha to you maister Weathercocke.

Vaea. I thanke you syr: Here Daffidill, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good (sooth I must.

Lance. Thankes maister Weathercocke, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

Vaea. And welcome, hartily farwell. (Exit Weathercocke.

Lance. Syrrha I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my liuery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you heape.

Daff. Ne not be whipped syr, theres your livery.

(Exit Daffidill.

This is a seruengmans reward, what care I,

I haue meanes to trust to; & scorn to seruice I.

Lance. I a lusty knave, but I must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

S. Lance. Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect you aboue any shuter that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. I am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offendes me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, I am her faithfull knight.

Lance. I neither doubt your valour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him they never thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Ar. Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spake off,

That

The London Prodigall,

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Taverns, and your etdinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To uphold the brutish humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispaire:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud,

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If I may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter syr Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tyt trust to it so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vairie know the time, for prouiding
wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made,
touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two
daies make prouision.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head
in fiftstreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes last, forseits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymet, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Art. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister O-
liver, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay sonne Oliver, ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrell.

The London Prodigall.

Fab. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his
Fath. God save you good syr *Lancelot.* (hands full.

Lance. Welcome honest friend. (Enter *old Flowerdale.*

Fath. To you and yours my maister wifeth health,
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:

There is the length syr of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Fab. Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

Fab. And I doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call
Me cur, where ist syrrha where ist where ist

Fath. The letter shewes both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

Lance. Syr, he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.

Fab. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.

Fab. Zyrha, zyrha; and tweare not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, chil give thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorne, holde
thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil give
thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mail him tell him,
chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed
sincethe his dam bound his head, chill make him for capy ring an
ny more chy vor thee.

Fab. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,
He make him fye the land, or vse him worse.

Fab. My maister syr, deserves not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrifte, you a knaue,
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:

Or haue him bound vnto his good behauour.

Fab. I wood you were a sprite if you do him any harme for
this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while
chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled
vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zyrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fab. Well

The London Prodigall.

Fab. Well sir, my Maister deserves not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oh. No matter, he's an vn:christ, I desie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oh. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oh. Nay, chill watch you for zuech a nicke.

But if the meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oh. Why man, chill not kill him; marry chill veze him too,
and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.

What mar, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperat.
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoake*. *Enter Artic.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? somē brawle toward, I war-
rant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scoured, thy buckler
mended, O for that knaue, that Vyallaine *Daffidill* would haue
done good seruice. But to thee.

Arti. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you
stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where
is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a
strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate o-
uer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

Arti. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes
will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse
in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side,
that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee
at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging
of the Devon-shire Youth, but be vnseer: and as he goes out,
as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Arti. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streeete?

Lanc. Not for a world man: into the fields.

The Landon Prodigall.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Othuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doest understand me knaue?

Art. I syr I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse
might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daf*.

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: (full.)
That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue. (Exit.)

Enter *Weathercocke*.

Maister *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat
Flowerdale hath wrt a challenge: And who thinke you must
answere it? but the *Deuenshyre* man, my sonne *Olner*.

Wea. Marry I am sory for it good syr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, weele stay the fuite.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the
red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wen. I syr *Lancelot* I would haue thought so too, but you
and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed,
or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles
(I pray.)

Lance. Nay I thanke God, I see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesle your eyes, mine hath bene dim al-
most this thirtie yeares,

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but
this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnseene from any one,
good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this
louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee
loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three shippes now in the straits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yare:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shyre*:
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thousand pound,

Plate

The London Prodigall.

Plate, mony, Jewels, 16. thousand more,
Two houſen furnished well in Cole-man street:
Beside whatſoever his Vnkle leaues to him,
Being of great demeanes and wealth at Peckham.

Wea. How like you this good knight: how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,
The Deuen-shyre man ſhall whille for a wife,
He marrie Luce, Luce ſhall be Flowerdales.

Wea. Why that is friendly ſaid, lets ride to London and pre-
uent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely
(lad.)

Lance. Weele ride to London, or it ſhall not need,
Weele crosse to Dedfort-strand, and take a boat:
Where be theſe knaues? what Artichoake, what Fop?

Enter Artichake.

Art. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Heretake my cloake, ile haue a walke to Dedford.

Art. Syr wee haue bin ſcouring of our ſwordes and buck-
lers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your ſwordes rust, ile
haue no fighting: I ſter blowes a lone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be
in readinelle againſt the wedding, weele haue two armeſe,
and that will ſave charges maſter *Weaſercocke*.

Art. Well we will doe it syr.

Exit Ovvies.

Enter *Cin*, *Francke*, and *Delia*.

Cin. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this,
In good sooth I haue euē my harts desire: ſister *Delia*, now I
may boldly call you ſo, for your father hath franck and freely
giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for
I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might ne-
uer ſtr, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why ſister now you haue your wiſh.

Cin. You ſay very true ſister *Delia*, and I prethee call me
nothing but *Tom*, and ile call thee ſweetheart, and *Franck*: will
it not doe well ſiſter *Delia*?

Delia. It:

The London Prodigall.

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you. (edg)

Fras. But Tom, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri.

Cin. No Francke, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed,

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,

Apparell you your selfe like to your father:

And let her goe like to your ancient mother,

He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,

Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Cin. So as my father and my mother went, that's a iest
indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a
white cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten fleuees,
and a canuise backe.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Cin. My estate, my estate I thank God is fortie pound a yere,
in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yere
at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Deba. That may indeed, tis very fitly pleyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderoustrich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leauue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde,
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
What will iu/hue, when all their coyne is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Of thauue I heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance crues, for had I wist.

Cin. You say well sister *Deba*, you say well: but I meane
to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe
my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-
hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace
of gray hounis, and this is all ile doe.

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound a yeares?

Cin. I, and a better penny filter.

Fran. Sister



The London Prodigall.

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

Cia. By my troath well remembred *Francke*,
Ile give thee that to buy thee pinnes.

Deba. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Foole shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in dinner staies for vs.

Cia. I good sister with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for I haue a good stomacke.

Cia. And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

Deba. God grant you may not.

(Exit *Omnes*.)

Enter young *Flowerdale*, and his father, with foyles
in their handes.

Flor. Syrrha Kyt, tarric thou there, I haue spied syr *Lance-*
tot, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at
hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

Enter *Lancelot* and *Weathercocke*.

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to mai-

Fath. I doe syr.

Lance. Is he within my good fellowes?

Fath. No syr he is not within.

Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands
upon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conse-
rence till he hath shooke them off.

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lance-*
tot Spurcocke, intreates to speake with him.

Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter
betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but
beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lance. Honest friend, I haue ne eany such thing to him,
I come to speake with him about other matters.

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

Lance. My friend I doe not know any quarrell, touching

The London Prodigall.

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a differente
nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoeuer the Deuenshire man is, my maisters
Mind is bloody: that's a round O,
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine.

Lance. I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. (Exit Father.

Lance. A syrra, I see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to disswade him fr om it, (Enter Flowerdale.
Good morrow maister Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow good syr Lancelot, good morrow
maister Weathercocke.

By my troath gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer
Nick Marchinill, I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made

Certaine anatations of him such as they be:

And how ist syr Lancelot? ha? how ist?

A mad world, men cannot lise quiet in it. (iarre

Lance. Maister Flowerdale, I doe vnderstand there is some
Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr, they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister Oliver and Ias good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such
A thing I haue, and I could wish it otherwaise.

Flow. No such thing syr Lancelot, a my reputation,
As I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleue you then, if you doe
Engage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I doe not ingage my reputation there is not;
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:
But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is;
If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is something bet
weene you, and I am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceived syr Lancelot, the Italian
Hath a pretie saying, *Questo I haue forgot it too,*
Tis out of my head, but in my translation.

The London Prodigall.

If hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.)
Lance. Come, I doe see by this there is somewhat betweene
And before God I could wish it other wife.

Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:

Syr Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I must ride, no man muste denie
Methe Sunne, I would not by any particular man,
Be denide common and generall passage. If any one
Saith Flowerdale, thou pallest not this way:
My answere is, I must either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, I must on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine,

Lance. Maister Flowerdale, every man hath one tongue;
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a moste curios worke-maister.

Flow. That is as much to say, a man should heare more
Then he shold speake.

Lance. You say true, and indeed I haue heard more,
Then at this time I will speake,

Flow. You say well,

Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maister
But proofe is the rule for both. (Flowerdale)

Flow. You say true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?

Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleueed it,

Flow. Twas fit, twas necessarie,

Lance. But I haue scene somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.

Flow. Yfaith syr, Iam shure I never did you harme:
Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should,

Lance. I your will syr,

Flow. I my will syr: foot doe you know ought of my will?
Begod and you doe syr, I am abused.

Lance. Goe maister Flowerdale, what I know, I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

The London Trougau.

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me
presently: And where you shoulde fight a bloodie battle, you
shall be married to a louely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self
thus much, I will haue order to binder your encounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour,
Tis meereley vnsound, vpprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter, therefore
give me your present word to doe it, ile goe and prouide the
maid, therefore give mee your present resolution, either now
(or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me too it?

Lace. I afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,
Else what I thought shoulde our match, shal be our parting.
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
Is aboue all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.

(*Exit syr Lancelot.*)

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?

Flow. By the masse tharts true: now helpe *Kyt*,
The marriage ended, weele make amedes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,
In mirth weele spend,
Full many a merry hower:
As for ths wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. I st possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:
But that I knew his mother firme and chaste,
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:
Else woulde I sweare, he neuer was my sonne,
But her faire mind, so towle a deed did shew.

Enter

The London Prodigal.

Enter Fubus.

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?

Fub. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,
Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,
One that doth nothing, but intent desceit:
For all the day he humours vp and downe,
How he the next day might deceiue his friend,
He thinkes of nothing but the present time:
For one groat readie downe, heele pay a shilling
But then the lender must needs stay for it,
Whien I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:
But such mad straines, as hee's possett withall,
I thought it wonder for to dancie vpon.

Vnck. I told you so, but you would not beleue it.

Fub. Well I haue fowled it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow hee's to be married
To beautiuos *Lance*, syr *Lancetts Sparckes* daughter.

Vnck. Is't possible?

Fub. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,
This day brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is ranck in mischiefe, chained to a life,
That will increase his shatne, and kill his wife.

Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day?
That were vncchristian, and an vnhumane part,
How many couple euen for that very day,
Hath purchast y^e yeares sorrow afterward?
Forbear him then to day, doe it to morrow,

And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

Fub. Brother he haue it done this very day,
And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:
Doe but obserue the course that he will take,
Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for weeke haue the summe shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound:
Good brother let be done immedately.

The London Prodigal.

To make an a volowten meryment of it.

Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Uncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.

Uncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow M. *Oliver*.

Oly. God and good morne M. *Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,

Arb. M. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Lannctots* daughter here.

Uncle. Sir *Arthur*, unto hee?

Oly. I ha thē olde yellow zarued me thick tricke;

Why man hee was a promise, chil chud a had her,

Is a zitch a vox, chill looke to his water the vor him.

Uncle. The musick playes, they are comming from the
Church.

Sheriffe doe your Offise: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. God give you joy, as the old zaid Proverbe is, and
some sorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the
field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Justice, and sworne to
keepe the peace;

Wbe. I marry is he sir, a very Justice, and sworne to keepe
the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor strome sir, if you doe,
Ile haue an orde taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Wbe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lannctot*, looke you who here is?

M. Flowerdale.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flor. Vnkle, this is stic yfaich: Maister Vnder-sheriffe

Arrest me at whose suite? draw *XII.*

Unc. At my suse sir.

Lance. Why what's the matter M. *Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter sir, that vnthrift here,

Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,

In sevall summes three thousand pound.

Flor. What Vnkle, Vnkle,

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Vnkle

The London Pageant
Vnck, Cousen, coufен, you haue vncleld me,
And if you be not staid, youle prove
A coufен vnto all that know you.

Lance. Why syr, suppose he be to your in debt
Ten thousand pound his state to me appeare,
To be at least three thousand by the yere.

Vnck. O syr, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to coufен you:
And formeſe a will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there maister Weathercocke, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lance. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips landes, and ſhippes?

Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfeſpen.

Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young Flower
Flow. My vncle her mad, and diſpoſed to do me wrong,
But heer's my man, an honeſt fellow.
By the Lord, and of good credi, knowes all is true.

Faſh. Not I syr, I am too old to lyce, I rather know
You forde a will, where every line you writ,
You ſtudie where to coate your landes might lye.

Wea. And I prethee, where be thy honeſt friends?

Faſh. Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.

Wea. Benedictric, we are ore wretched I, beleeue.

Lance. I am coufен, and my hopefull child vndone.

Flow. You are not coufен, nor is the yndone,
They flander me, by this light they flander me;
Looke you, my vncle heres an vſurer, and would vndee me,
But he standis in law, do you but baile me, you ſhal do no more.
You brother Cinet, and maister Weathercocke, doe but
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
Paid me, and weeleſtide downe, and there your owne
Eyes ſhall ſee, how my poore tenants there wil welcomme me.
You ſhall but baile me, you ſhall doe no more,
And you greedy geat, their baile will ſerve.

Vnck. I syr, ile aſke no better baile.

Lance. No syr you ſhall not take my baile, nor his,
Nor my ſonne Cinet, ile not be cheateſd I,
Shrecue take your priſoner, ile not deale with him.

Let

I de Lonaon i roayau.

Let's Uncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.
Come Girele, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heaven doth know,
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it :
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,
I must not leaue my husband in distresse :
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Doe not I pray my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,

Lanc. O M. Weathercock, I must confessle I forced her to this
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached metoo. | state.

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Deua*, in a happie Virgins
Deua, Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,
If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,
She craved to be sir *Arthur Greene* sheilds wife,

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.

Lanc. Or, M. *Other*, except my child, and halfe my wealth
is yours. *Oly.* No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Deua. Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to
confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I swear Ile liue with him in all mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham averd hee will never liue with you,

E

Arthur.

The London Prodigall.

Art. I buthee is now in hucksters handling for running
Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd, (away,
And if you will redresse it yet you may :
But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,
Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on me,
Call me not father, looke not for a groat,
For all thy portion I wil this day giue
Vnto thy syster *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that *Tom*, I shall haue a good deal,
Besides ile be a good wiser and a good wife
Is a good thing, I can tell.

Cm. Peace *Franck*, I would besorry to see thy sister
Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lance. What, are you yet resolued?

Lanc. Yes, I am resolued.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

Lanc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feast,
And I to weepe, that am with grieve opprest.

Lanc. For euer flie my sight : come gentlemen
Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wifes then her,
Delivpon my blessing talk not too her,
Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery?

Unc. Sheriffe take your prisoner to your charge.

Flo. Vnkle, be-god you haue vsd me very hardly,
By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

*Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vnkle,
Sheriffe, and Officers.*

Lnc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me speake,
Stay but a little while good *M. Sheriffe*,
If not for him, for my fake pittie him;
Good syr stop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weake, for wosmens words are faint.

Flew. Looke you *Vnkle*, she kneeleth to you.

Vnkle.

The London Prodigall.

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, I loue you with my heart,
And greeue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldest match with such a gracelesse
Go to thy father, thinke not ypon him, (Youth,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repente,
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with,

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Vnc. I virgin, that being answered, I haue done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the hyc Piramydes.

Sherife take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

Luc. O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale* :
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flow. / by God *Vnkle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, I ne ere ought nothing but I paid it,
And I can worke, alas he can doe nothing.
I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,
His chiefeſt friends doe ſeeke his miserie.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,
Shall be for you: O doe not turne away,
Me thinkes within a face ſo reuerent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Shoule haue ſome feeling of a maidens griefe:
For my ſake, his fathers, and your brothers ſake,
I for your ſoules ſake that doth hope for ioy,
Pittie my ſtate: do not two ſoules destroy.

Vnc. Faire maid I ſtand vp, not in regard of him,
But in pittie of thy hapleſſe choiſe,

The London Prodigall.

I doe release him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:
And officers there is for you to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,
Here Kestral take it you, and vse it sparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all.
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament:
For him, whose life hath beene in royst spent:
If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,
• If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Uncle.

Flo. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come Ky the monie, come honest Ky.

Fath. Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

Flo. And why sir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Rascall, or I shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my heart.

Flo. Content syr, sblod shee shall be content.
Whether she will or no, A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or never looke on me.

Fath. Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for
you.

Flo. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, I meane to part with her and you, but if I part with
one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a
east at Dice, as I haue done a thousand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then I will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would haue beene a shamed.

Flo. My father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir forbear him.

Fath.

The London Prodigall.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Idc teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice,^{gaine}, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It grieues me that he beares his father name.

Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrra get you gone, I will not strip the livery
Ouer your cares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrrha doe you heare, looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or give me securitie, when I may haue it. none,

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile give thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turne whore, that's a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:

And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares.
Thus staine the crimson roses of her checkes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little living in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile straite goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

The London Prodigall.

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:
Come greeue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.
Luce, i thanke you syr.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Wweathercocke and them.

Ok. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a farued.

Lance. Son *Cinet*, daughter *Frances*, beare with me,
You see how I am prested downe with inward griefe,
About that lucklesse gyrtle, your sister *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most vnhappye, that are most beloued.

Cin. Father tis so, tis eu'en fallen out so,
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weeble not say,
Weeble bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer she wasstho she had the pricke
And praise for a prettie wench: *But father, done is*
The mouse, youle come?

Lance. I sonne *Cinet*, ile come.

Cin. And you maister *Oliver*?

Ol. I, for che a vex't out this yeast, chill see if a gan
Make a better yeast there.

Cin. And you syr *Artbur*?

Ar. I syr, although my heart be full,
Ae be a partner at your wedding feast.

Cin. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*
(are you readies?

Fran. Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, I pray father,
Pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thec, and I doe! God make thee wise,
Send you both ioy, I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But



The London Prodigall.

Fran. But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with
She is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?

Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Delia. I am ready syr, I will first goe to *Greene-witch*,
From thence to my cousin *Chesterfeilds*, and so to *London*.

Cin. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,
For I would not haue my sweet *Francke*
To soyle her fingers.

Fran. No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,
And kitchin-boyes, not I, y faith: I scorne that.

Cin. Why I doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,
Thou seest I doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?
You, Gods pity *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany

Wea. Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare,

Cin. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

Fran. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Artur*,
Maister *Oluer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

Wea. Why how now syr *Artur*? all a mort maister *Oluer*,
(how now man?)
Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lance. I thhee is gone indeed, poore gile vndone,
But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause,
Therefore tis reson, you redresse her wrong.

Wen. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me maister *Weathercocke*
I hope I may doe what I list.

Wea. I grant you may, you may doe what you list.

Ol. Nay, but and you be well cuisen, it were not good
By this vrappolnile, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty adowis bell, as am chould chance to see

The London Prodigal.

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what shall doe,
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a meshell, vor cham
Ashured, heele but bring her to the spoile,
And so var you well, we shall meeete at your sonne *Ciues*.

Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

Aris. To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.

Exit both.

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

Lance. O maister *Weasbercocke*, what hap had I, to force
(my daughter

From maister *Oliver*, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie.

Lance. Yes I haue almost devised a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnkle hath released him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lance. Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants
To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,
For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him toos

Lance. Nay thatts not so, I may chance be scote,
And sentence past with him.

Wea. Beleue me so he may; therefore take heede.

Lance. Well howsooner, yet I will haue warrants,
In prison, or at libertie, alls one:
You will helpe to serue them maister *Weasbercocke*?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flor. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,
The dyce, and the diuell, and his damme goe together:

Of

The London Prodigall.

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fine, what shall I doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But I haue borrowed more or lesse off:
I would I knewe where to take a good purse,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

Del. I prethee Artichoke goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and I am something wearie.
Art. Nay I warrant you mistresse *Delia* ile not tire you
With leading, weele goe an extreame moderate pacc.

Flow. Stand, deliver your purse.

Art. O lord, theeues, theeues,

Exit Artichoke.

Flow. Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.
Del. That voice I haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flemerdale*, become a theefe?

Flow. I, a plague ont, I thanke your father,
But sister, come, your mony, come:
What the world must find me, I am borne to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

Del. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come gine me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least I faire the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold there is all I haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliver, syr Arthur, and Artichoke.

Art. Theeues, theeues, theeues.

Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robb'd?

F

Del. Ne

The London Prodigall.

Della. No maister Ohus, is maister Flowerdale, hee did but
leſt with me.

Od. How Flowerdale, that ſcoundrell ſirtha, you meten vs
Well, vang thee that, (charge.)

Flow. Well Sir, iie not meddle with you, because I haue a
Debt, Here brother Flowerdale, iie lend you this ſame mony.

Flow. I thanke you ſister. (penny.)

Ot. I wad you were yſplit, and you let the meſell haue a
But ſince you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my ſelfe.

Ar. Tis pittie to releeme him in this ſort,

Who makes a triumphant life, his daily ſport.

Della. Brother, you ſee how all men conſure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

Ot. Come, chil bring you along, and you ſafe enough
From twentie ſuch ſcoundrells as thick a one is,
Farewell and be hanged zyrrha, as I thinke ſo thou
Wilt be ſhortly, come ſyr Arthur.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rafeſſal:
This Deuenyſhre man I clunk is made all of porke,
His hands made onely, for to haue vp packs:
His hart as fat and big as his face,
As diſſering far from all braue gallant minds
As I to ſerue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,
As I am very neere now well, what remedie,
When mony, meaneſs, and friends, doe growe ſo small,
Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. (Exit on aſſe.)

*Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Cinet, and his
wife miſtrefſe Frances.*

Cin. By my troath god a mercie for this good Christopher,
I thanke thee for my maide, I like her very well,
How doſt thou like her *Frances*?

Fran. In good ſadneſſe Tom, very well, excellent well,
She ſpeakes ſo prettily, I pray whats your name?

Luce. My name for ſooth be called *Tasikin*.

Fran. By:

The London Prodigall.

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tankin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

Fab. Me sall doe every ting about da head.

Cin. What countriwoman is the *Kestor*?

Fab. A dutch woman sir.

Cin. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fab. I Syr she is. (and carest

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheeckes

Luce. Yes mistresse verie well.

Fab. Cheeckes and carest, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Cheeckes and carest me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I

Cin. I, I *Kestor*, tis such as they weare a their heads, (meane, I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and shewe her my house.

Fab. I will sir, come *Tankin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not buffid me to day *Tom*.

Cin. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes, God saue me *Francke*,

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my

Delia. Very well sister,

(heade

Cin. I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to give order for Supper, they will be here soone.

Art. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To peppord vs, but for maister *Oliver*, we had bin robbed.

Del. Peace syrrha, no more.

Fab. Robbed by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

Cin. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

Fab. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, lice that was any maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

The London Prodigal.

Arty. Yes yfaith, even that *Flowerdale*, that was thy mai-
ster,

Faith. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no
(more of this.

Arty. Not I, not a word, now do I smell knauerie:
In every purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:

And gives me this to keepe counsell, no not a word I.

Faith. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Sister looke here, I haue a new Dutch maid,
And she speakes so fine, it wold doe your heart good.

Ciu. How doe you like her sister?

Delia. I like your maide well.

Ciu. Well deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue direc-
tions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Delia. Yes brother, leade the way ille follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Delia. Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From I that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
This borrowed shape, that I haue tane vpon me,
Is but to keepe my selfe, a space vnkowne,
Both from my father, and my neerest friendes:
Vntill I see, how time will bring to passe,
The desperate course, of maister *Flowerdale*.

Delia. O hee is worse then bad, I prethee leane him,
And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:
Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore

The London Prodigall.

Therefore kind sister doe not chide for my estate,
If ere his heart doth turne, tis neare too late. (mind,

Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (cies,

Luc. Dely, I thank you, I now must please her
My sister Frances, neither faire nor wise.

Exe. Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale John.

Flo. On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,
I haue palled the very vmost bounds of shifting,
I haue no course now but to haue my selfe
I haue lived since yesterday two a clocke, of a
Spice-cake I had at a biforn; and for drinke,
I got it at an Ale-houfe among Porters, such as
Will haue out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of
I letrie if they le lende me any. (me,

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

What M. Richard how doe yow?
How doest thou *Rafe*? By God gentleme the world
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Rafe. How; an Angel! God dambe vs if we lost not every
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

Flo. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. I faith, we haue haue hot a farthing, not a myte:
I wonder at it M. *Flowerdale*,
You will so careflesly vndo your selfe,
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

F. 3.

Then

The London Prodigall.

Then any honest man spend in a yare,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit boib.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:
They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:
Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.
Well, yet I haue one friend left in store,
Not farre from hence, there dwells a Cokatryce,
One that I first put in a satten gowne,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But stands me at the least in 20. pound:
Her will I visite now my coyne is gone,
And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Mistresse Apricocke within?

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What fawsie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,
O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:
My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the doore,
Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,
Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,
Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

Enter an aunciente Citizen.

Sir I beseech you to take compassyon of a man,
One whose Fortunes haue beeene better then at this instant
they seeme to be: but if I might craue of you so much little
portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should reke
thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curteſie.

Citizen.

The London Prodigall.

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue woe about this Cittie,
Yet for I haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends. *Exit Citt.*

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels I care not,
Nay now I haue had such a fortunate beginning,
Ile not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Mass, here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's wife with a torch before her.
God blesse you faire Mistresse,
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, I doubt not
but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that never
before this time demanded pennie, halfe penie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very pro-
per man, and tis great pittie: hold, my friend, theres all the
monie I haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse
thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any
friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a poore
gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all se-
cret seruice.

Citiz. I thanke you good friend, I prethy let me see that a-
gaine, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, give
me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giveth it her.*
Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest
thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt;
now I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before
I gaue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander.*

Exit both.

Flow. This

The London Prodigal.

Flow. This is villanous Jucke, I perceive dishonestie,
Will not thrive; here comes more. God forgiue me,

Sir Arthur, and M. Oliver, afore God, Ile speake to them,
God save you Sir Arthur; God save you M. Oliver.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliver.

OA. Byn you there zyrrha, come will you ytaken your selfe
To your tooles, Coyttrell?

Flow. Nay, M. Oliver, Ile not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir Lancastors daughter:
By God, I newer meant you harme.

OA. Andwhore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Whore is shee, Zyrria, hof?

Flow. By my troth M. Oliver, sicke, very sicke;
And God is my Judge, I know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

OA. Tell me true, is shee sicke? tell me true itch vise thee?

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: M. Oliver, if you would
doe me the small kindnessse, but to lend me fortie shillings:
So God helpe me I will pay you so soone as my abilitie shall
make me able, as I am a gentleman.

OA. Well thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or I shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeues yearre, looke
too it.

Art. Yfaith M. Oliver, it is in vaine
To give to him that never thinkes of her.

OA. Well, would che could yuind in. (man.)

Flow. I tell you true, sir Arthur, as I am a gentleman.

OA. Well fare you well zyrrah: come sir Arthur.

Exit both: *and Oliver.*

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent, verry good I say
Five golden Angels compast in an houre, by a goodly way
If this trade hold, ile never seekke a new.

Welcome

The London Troagall.

Welcome sweet gold, and beggery adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Vnc. See Kestor if you can find the house,

Flow. Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man Kestor?

By the masse tis they,

How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou Kestor?

By my troath Vnckle, you must needs lend

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sickle,

I was robde of the hundred angels

You gaue me, they are gone.

Vnc. I they are gone indeed, come Kestor away.

Flow. Nay Vnckle, do you heare good Vnckle,

Vnc. Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake,

Come leaue him Kestor.

Flow. Kestor, honest Kestor.

Fath. Syr, I haue nought to say to you,

Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best

Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

Flow. you are an old lying Rascall,

So you are.

Exit borb.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde
Kind, by this light ile try her.

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

Flow. By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that
would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of
your purse.

Enter fath.

Luce. O here God, so young an armine,

Flow. Armine sweet-heart, I know not what you meane by
that, but I am almost a begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your wife?
Here is all I haue, take dis.

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

G

Luce. Why

Luce. Why speake you not, were be yore vifet?
Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,
Spent me all I had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue

(inc.

Luce. Did you vse her vell?

Flow. Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England*
could be better vsed then I did her, I could but Coatch her,
her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead
and in her graue, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat was not scone.

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Cines* here, doest thou
(note)

Luce. Yes me doe.

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate

But belongs to me, Gods my Judge:

If I had but such a wench as thou art,

Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more.

Of her, then I would doe, so she had any stocke.

They call within:

O why Tankin.

Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in loue with me,
Were it not admirall to make her steale.

All Ciness Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beastly, O maister *Flowerdale*,
Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:

What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

Flow. What doe I meane, why to liue, that I meane.

Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,
Your life doth shew, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a bcy.

Flow. Snailes is there such cowardice in that, I dare.
Borrow it of a man, I and of the tallest man
In *England*, if he will lend it me,
Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how
they dare.

And

Th' London Prodigall.

And it is well knowne, I might a rid out a hundred times
If I would: so I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they
And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Talke pittie of you for her sisters sake.
Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you looke not for.

Flow. Ne tarie here, till the Dutch Froe
Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here,

Exit. Father.

*Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and
Artichoake.*

Luce. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?
Art. Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?
What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way
To maister *Cinet* house? what will you not speake?
O me, this is filching *Froerdate*.

Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?
O you cheating Roague, you cut. purse conicatcher,
VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters grauce
A cozening rascall, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,
Ne father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,
Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?
Poysoned I warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,
And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forded
And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,
Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:
Goe, away with him to prison.

Flow. VVherefore to prison syr I will not goe.

*Enter maister Cinet, his wife, Oliver, syr Artibor,
Father, and Ynckle Delia.*

The London Prodigall.

Luce. O heeres his Vnkle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing I know, my daughter is missing:
Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee,

Vnc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in Gods name, doe with him what you will.

Lance. Marrie to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? stuck vp, I owe you nothing.

Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my.

Lance. Suspition of murder, goe away with him. (charge,

Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

Come Vnkle, I know youle baile me.

Vnc. Not I, were there no more,

Then I the Taylor, thou the prisoner.

Lance. Goe away with him.

Enter *Luce like a Frowe.*

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de mane?
Vat ha de younker done?

Wea. Woman he hath kild his wife.

Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not scene.

Lance. Hang not vpon him his wife, if you doe ile lay yow
(by him.)

Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.

Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you
(suffer that?)

Cis. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wifes chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.

Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Cmet,*
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfaid preferd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels,
Ile haue you led away to prison trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:
Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

Father,

The London Prodigal.

Father I know I haue offendid you,
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
To you in dutie and obediencie;
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeld
My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.

Lanc. Bastard in nature, kneele to such a flauer.

Luce. O M. *Fawderye*, it too much grieves
Haue not stopt vp the organs of your voyce,
Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of mee, thus tye thy tongaue
Turne not away, I am no *Asphyope*,
No wanton *Cressid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy losse.
What turnst thou still from mee O then
I gesse thee wofulst among hapleste men.

Flow. I am indeed wife, wonder among wiuen
Thy chaſtitie and vertue hath infusid
Another foule in mee, red with detame,
For in my blushing cheekeſi ſcene my shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after bliffe,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lan. Well ſince thou weare ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I defie thee *L.*

Oh. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſed as was euer white
cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made mee weape.

Faſh. If he hath any grace heele now repente.

Art. It moues my heart.

Wea. By my troth I muſt weape, I can not chufe.

Uncle. None but a beaſt would ſuch a maide miſufe.

Flow. Content thy ſelfe, I hope to wiſh his fauour,

And to redēeme my reputation lost,

And Gentlemen beleue me, I beſeech you,

I hope your eyes ſhall beholde ſuſh change,

As ſhall deceiue your expectation.

Oh. I would che were yſplit now, but che beleue him.

Lance. How, beleue him. *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.

Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

The London Prodigall.

W_ea. By my faith it will goe hard.

O_{ly}. Well che vorye he is changed: and M_r. Flowerdale, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wifet: and you shall not want for vortie more, I che vor thee.

A_{rth}. My meanes are little, but if youle follow I will instruct you in my ables^c power: (me,
But to your wife I giue this Diamond,
And proue true Diamond faire in all your life.

F_{low}. Thankes good sir A_{rth}, M_r. O_{ly},
You being my enemie, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

O_{ly}. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for L_{uce}, here vang it:
Zouth chil devic London els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: I hope
your vnder and your vncle here wil vollow my zamples.
Y_{ncle}. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of
life, he shall be mine heire.

L_{an}. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiver, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him living and maintaine

W_ea. What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

L_{ance}. I sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

F_{ab}. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

L_{anc}. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

F_{ab}. I wrong'd him then: and toward my M_r. stock,
Thers 20 Nobles for to make amends.

F_{lo}. No Kestier, I haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore. (more,

F_{ra}. Ha, ha, sister, there you play'd bo-peeppe with
Tom, What shall I giue her toward houeshold?

Sister D_{eli}, shall I giue her my Fanne?

D_{eli}. You were best aske your husband. F_{ran}. Shal I Tom?
C_{uet}, I do Franck ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

F_{ranck}.

Franck. A russet one Franke. *Civis.* I with russet feathers.

Fran. Here sister, theres my Fanne toward household, to
Lace. I thanke you sister. (keep you warme.

Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres
fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, *Ie* give her
marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends.

Lance. Not *I*, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

Lance. Had she beene married to an honest man,
It had beene better then a thousand pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and ile give you my bond,
To make her ioynter better worth then three.

Lance. Your bond sir, why what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London* tho *I* say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours. (mane)

Lanc. VVeart not thou late that vnriffts seruings.

Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarre is off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My father, *O* I shame to looke on him.
Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.

Fa. Sonne, sonne I doe, and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maid,
Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.

Luc. This addeth ioy to ioy, he heauen be prais'd.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale*.
Twas sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.

Fath. I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,
Because ide see the humours of my sonne,
Whicht to relate the circumstance is needlessse:
And sirta see you runne no more into that same disease,
For he that's once cured of that maladic,
Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,
And falleth againe into the like distresse,
That fevor is deadly, doth till death indure:
Such men die mad as of a callenture.

Flow. Heaven helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

Vnct.

Unc. Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (man,
Lane. Wel being in hope youle proue an honest
I take you to my fauour brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my heart; I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come lets us and feast.
Oly. Nay soft you awhile, you promised to make
Sir Arthur and me amends, here is your wifest.
Daughter, see which ans steele haue. (hers.
Lane. A Gods name, you haue my good will, get
Oly. How say you then Damfell, tyters hatef
Delia. I sir, am yours.
Oly. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it
Dispatched in a trice so chil.
Delia. Pardon me sir, I meane I am yours,
In loue, in dutie and affection.
But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,
Delia was buried married, but a mayd.
Arth. Doe not condemne your selfe for euer
Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue. (it
Oly. Why you say true sir Arthur she was ybere to
So well as her mother; but I pray you shew vs
Some examples of reasons why you will not marry.
Delia. Not that I doe condemne a married life,
For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,
Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.
Oly. Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (Lane:
F. To morrow I erate your companies in Mark.
To night weeke frolike in M. Curies house,
And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

F IN I S. 



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